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STOP IT.

How long is a court of this state, which is supposed to be governed by law, going to permit the changes to be daily rung on a purported revelation from Almighty God?

How long is such to be introduced as testimony for a jury to listen to and perhaps be influenced by?

By what rule of law is any man permitted to testify that he knows a prisoner on trial is guilty because that fact has been revealed to him?

Why should the time of a court be exhausted day after day in listening to such stuff?

Why not make a requisition on the Provo asylum and have a delegation of the inmates of that institution brought up to tell what they have dreamed or felt, and hence know it is true?

Why not call in some new Daniel to decide the matter and permit the court to imitate Nebuchadnezzar and go to grass?

MORAL LESSONS.

An esteemed contemporary, the other morning, told us how in the play a scion of a French King disguised himself in the character of a barber and in that role failed to obtain recognition of even what his grace merited. This, to our contemporary seemed as filled with a moral lesson as the average sermon. We think so, too, we trust that we may have more chapters like it and venture to suggest for a theme some one born away outside the purple, who later became wealthy and who then posed as the only true Prince, and how well he succeeded. The moral of course will be that real gold, when obscured, does not count for as much as a thin washing of it does when the wash is kept in the snu where the glitter can be seen, and, tersely rendered, it means "nothing succeeds like success". The lesson cannot be too often impressed upon the youth of Utah. High thoughts are

all right; good blood is all right; the graces of the schools are not bad in their way; but the discerning eyes of the world are fooled by none of these. These accomplishments have always sold short on the Salt Lake Stock Exchange, and justly so, for the people long ago learned that it was better to eat with ones knife than to have no dinner. But why inivegh or scoff or jeer or draw morals? This is the age of gold. All the moving forces of the world are controlled by it. It buys respectability for those so vile that without it pure women would draw close their skirts as they passed, lest they be contaminated. It buys indulgence from the churches and from the courts, though in the one the statue of the crucified one gazes down from the cross, though in the other the severe cartoon of justice adorns the wall above the judge's bench. For it fathers scheme and jeopadise their souls every day, for it mothers train ther daughters to try to make a respectable but profitable sale of themselves in marriage. Because of it what would be coarse and vulgar in the poor man, becomes "exquisite wit" from the rich brute or boor.

It is true that the advancement of a nation is regulated by the amount of gold in that nation's strong box. It is just as true that a man's standing advances or recedes according as his wealth advances or recedes. Great wealth is a certificate of character. It gives to vulgarity tone, it gives to gross ignorance "such a charming originality"; it whitewashes crime so that it becomes merely a naive eccentricity, it seats coarse ruffians in places where they are enabled, when the roll of gentlemen's names is called, to answer "Aye". Fortunately the "Aye" dies on the air and the sound is quickly forgotten. It was the same way in Pompei when the cinders of Vesuvius brought to that city fifteen hundred years of silence; it was the same on a small scale in St. Pierre three weeks ago before Pelle began to vomit her dead air and hot scoria and in a moment put out the life of the city.

Why complain? Why not be comforted rather? There are men who are able to purchase penance for all their crimes and vices and ignorance and brutality from the world, but they cannot get away from themselves. It may be a pleasure for them to say: "It is merely a question of money", but they cannot long

keep from properly estimating themselves at their real value, and when a man cannot take his own self respect to bed with him, how much is his sleep worth? Nature is a close accountant. It fixes values on a correct scale. Queen Bess was the most powerful sovereign of her age but at last she offered her kingdom for one moment of time. Let no one envy the power of wealth that was unjustly gained or is unworthly used, for while indeed it rules the world, it cannot hide from its possessor any stains that he has put upon his own name; it cannot purchase for him the self respect that he exchanged for it.

It would require about 70 cents worth of lumber and a couple of hours' work by some chain gang expert, to make the sidewalk west of the old city hall safe. If it is left as it is and some man or woman falls there and suffers a real injury it will cost the city some hundreds of dollars. Which seems the better plan?

PEACE AT LAST.

The terms of peace have been agreed upon in South Africa. The superb endurance, the magnificent valor, the untold suffering and sacrifices of the Boers availed them nothing except to secure for them a fairer settlement than they would otherwise have obtained. They made a grand fight but it was clear enough from the first that they would be overborne.

The war was much prolonged because of the false hopes which the Boers were led to entertain by the mostly simulated sympathy of those who cared nothing for the Boer but who hated England, and by those in this country who hoped by championing the cause of the Boers to win partisan advantages by cheap demagogue mouthings of extreme love of liberty and sympathy for the weak and struggling. It was cruel to thus excite false hopes for it was certain from the first that it was a war which Great Britain must win or admit herself a power so weak that she would have been the prey of the jealous powers around her. Indeed to have given up the fight would have been the beginning of the disintegration of the British Empire.

The Boers who have suffered and died, the women to whom the war's exactions